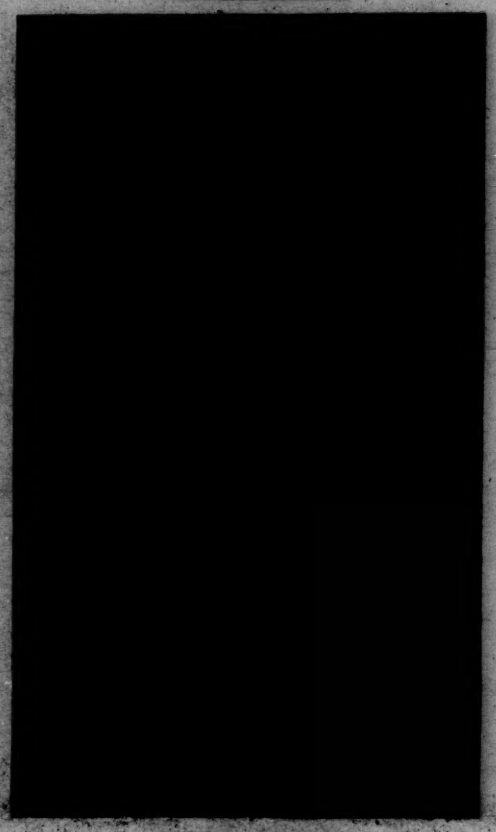
The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

Vol. VIII. No. 42. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, O[illegible] 19, 1911 One Dollar Per Year

DEATH OF JAMES H. BROWER



It is with great sadness and a persistent feeling that is impossible that we record the death of our late beautiful, strong, manly, brave and loyal Comrade James H. Brower, who breathed his last at Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 7, at eleven p. m. He was greatly overworked and overworried this summer in connection with his plans for a co-operative printing plant, owing to difficulties brought on by others, and gradually his vitality of body and soul was sapped.

On Labor Day he delivered the address at Joliet in which he poured out his strength without stint for two hours in what comrades declare to have been the most thrilling and effective of his many eloquent speeches. The effort left him very much exhausted and soon after typhoid fever set in. His clean life and strong constitution would yet have enabled him to recover, no doubt; but the difficulties of the Co-operative Press made him sad and restless. In his delirium he talked much of these troubles, worrying lest comrades might lose money if the enterprise proved unsuccessful—and so he died planning and struggling to establish a chain of Socialist papers throughout the middle west that should greatly help the cause.

Comrade Brower was a Canadian by birth, first seeing the light at Kingston, Ont., Sept. 12, 1867, being a little past 44 years of age at the time of his death. He came to the U. S. when but a boy and lived in Illinois until recently. He was one of the best known and most honored Socialists, author of the thrilling novel, "The Mills of Mammon," once candidate for governor of Illinois, and a noted campaign speaker. He is survived by his sorely bereaved widow and his only child, Donald, besides his parents and brothers and sisters.

We believe that Comrade Brower is "alive forevermore." It would be unfair for a light like his to flicker out into eternal darkness and oblivion. Those who labor, struggle and sacrifice for humanity deserve to live on and rejoice in the fruits of their efforts. There is no need felt in all nature except for which a full supply has been prepared. The truth is greater than our dreams; and the heart's deep desire and hope through sense of need is God's own promise of immortality.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

Fare thee well, noble comrade, lover of truth and loyal soldier of the common good, the world is wiser, better and more hopeful for thy life here. May thy future glory surpass thy fondest dreams. And may we meet again in a higher state of being to clasp warm comradely hands and talk earth's toils and battles over in the light of flawless victory.

KEEP UP THY BATTLE SONG

By Rev. Charles Coke Woods

Fear not, do right,
Keep up the fight,
In dark or light;
Though long the night,
Wrong never can end right—
Right never can end wrong—
Keep up thy battle song.

The darkest skies
Do but disguise
That Friend alwise
Who gives the prize
To him who truly tries;
Fear not, fight on, be strong—
Keep up thy battle song.

When skies come clear,
This truth most dear
Shall then appear
That God is near,
Supreme in every sphere;
His triumphs sure and long—
Keep up thy battle song.

—Central Christian Advocate.

TO MAKE CONVERTS

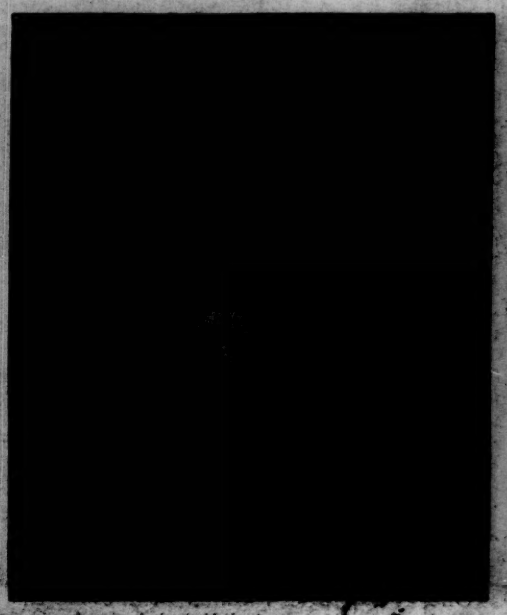
Send twenty three-month subs. for the **Christian Socialist** for $3.00 to a list of names of your own choosing, or forty for $5.00. If you can not afford it yourself, get other comrades to help you. THIS IS THE BEST WAY FOR YOU TO DO SYSTEMATIC PROPAGANDA.

WOMAN SCORES AGAIN

Jane Addams, the famous leader of the Hull House Settlement work in Chicago, declares that while savage man was out hunting wild game woman invented agriculture, building, spinning, weaving, sewing, tanning, pottery, brewing and cooking. That woman is the real inventor of useful things and needful trades.

PROMINENT PREACHER BECOMES SOCIALIST

Rev. Dr. R. Lee Kirkland, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational church, Tampa, Fla., recently delivered a series of sermons from his pulpit on Socialism and the Bible, The Gospel of Humanity, etc. Dr. Kirkland was not at that time a member of the party, but was preaching its doctrine. After the series of sermons Dr. Clark of Tampa presented him an application card for membership which he promptly filled out and was received into the Tampa local. Dr. Kirkland has recently been



appointed district secretary for the Christian Socialist Fellowship in Florida and has accepted. Comrades in Florida will please take notice and address all letters concerning the Fellowship to him. He will also be glad to arrange for lectures wherever possible.

We are glad to extend the hand of fellowship to such a man. His recent battles in Tampa with the money powers prove him to be a man of marked firmness; and although he fought the combined influences of the city, yet his shrewdness of forethought won for him every point at issue and made for him many friends for every one he lost. Forty working men, most all Socialists, joined his church at one service. We hope to hear from Comrade Kirkland through the columns of the **Christian Socialist.**

We hope that all our Florida readers will make immediate efforts to secure a lecture or a series of lectures from Dr. Kirkland. Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina comrades may also be able to get him.

Editor Carr at Clay Center, Kansas

On Saturday night, Sept. 30, Rev. Edward Ellis Carr began a nine days' meeting at Clay Center, Kans., under the auspices of the Socialist party local. The meetings on the first Saturday and Sunday nights were held in the Congregationalist Church, the remainder were held in the Christian (Disciples) Church. At all the meetings an encouraging audience attended, and on both Sunday nights and on Tuesday night the capacity of the churches was required to accommodate the large audiences that assembled in spite of many other meetings in the town.

Mr. Carr's subjects were, respectively:

"The Failure of Capitalism."
"Religion and Revolution."
"The Kingdom of God a Social State."
"Economic Determinism in Religion."
"Jesus and the Class Struggle."
"The Reign of the Working Class."
"The Mark of the Beast."
"How Shall We Obtain Socialism?"
"Why We Expect Socialism Soon."

The Clay Center Daily Despatch said:

"Rev. E. E. Carr closed his series of meetings in Clay Center with a rousing gathering at the Christian church Sunday evening. Whatever else may be said of his lectures, whether the people agree with him or not, they know a lot more about the Socialist cause and the objects aimed at than they did a week ago. Mr. Carr held a full house for an average of two hours' strict attention for each evening of his stay and doubtless strengthened the cause locally to a very large extent."

David Crossley, the local secretary, in a note to Mr. Carr about other matters, says: "We know what you did for us here, and we are a happy lot of 'reds' too."

The comrades in general seemed very much pleased with the meetings. Grant Chapin, Comrade Davies and others came over from Green (ten miles distant) every night but one;

and the others declare "Chapin was so happy over the meetings that he did not ride home, he flew."

What Kansas Comrades Think of Carr

Green, Kansas, Oct. 12, 1911.

The Christian Socialist, Chicago, Ill.

Friends and Comrades: The Rev. E. E. Carr of your paper has just closed a nine day series of lectures here and at Clay Center, on the subject of Christian Socialism, and we want to express our supreme satisfaction with the man, his message and his methods. He is a rather unique character, orthodox in his religious views, yet free from the bigotry and prejudices too often found among church people. He is a Socialist, than whom there are none better posted; and what he knows he can tell in a forceful and convincing way, with the tact and good sense so necessary at this time to get a fair hearing on what Socialism means.

The Christian can have no possible ground for any objection to him or his social message, for he makes his appeal to them from what the Bible says and proves it can mean nothing else but what we Socialists want and, with it all, he handles the subject of Socialism from a strictly class conscious, historical and scientific standpoint, thoroughly Marxian.

We are convinced that it is more men of the type of Carr that we need, to bring the church to a saner view of Socialism and to bring comrades out of the church into closer relations and understanding with those in the church, all to our mutual advantage.

Comrades everywhere, and of all or no religious beliefs, can consider themselves fortunate if they secure services of Bro. Carr. He has a powerful message to all kinds and classes of people, and is full of energy and hope. Fraternally yours,

Geo. Pfeifley.	F. E. Harner.
Jesse Johnson.	Grant Chapin.
B. F. Hemphill.	J. C. Tama.
George Brown.	Geo. C. Hall.
D. E. Crossley.	W. M. Giffee.
Jas. T. McCulloch.	Samuel Furchuse.
W. E. Davies.	F. C. Miles.
Blake Chapin.	

Considering the many counter attractions, moving picture shows every night, lodges, parties, church services, etc., for a town of that size (about 4,000) the attendance was excellent, especially as the lectures were educational and not amusing or emotional; and the attention was intense and profound, showing a high state of intelligence on the part of the audience.

Delightful Music

One of the best features of the meetings was the beautiful and delightful singing of a choir led by David Crossley. Mrs. Myrtle Crossley and Mrs. T. A. Thompson furnished the soprano, Mrs. S. Randall the alto, and Messrs. Sumner Vincent and W. Jones the bass. T. A. Thompson assisted Comrade Crossley with the tenor.

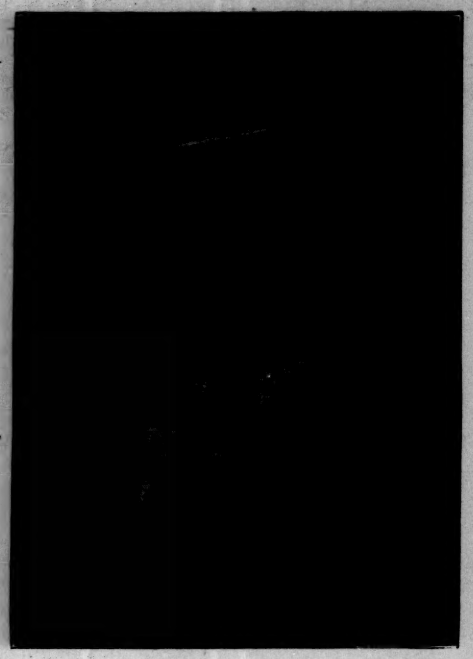
A select quartette, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, Mrs. Randall and Sumner Vincent, rendered some of the more difficult songs as special numbers in the most pleasing manner. Vincent's voice is a strong, rich basso profundo that might bring him fame and fortune if he were to devote his life to music.

Miss Marie Faivre accompanied the choir upon the piano with pleasing ability and unfailing grace.

Thus the congregation was correctly, strongly and inspiringly led by the best Socialist choir whose assistance it has been the Editor's lot to enjoy; and the glorious strains of Moyer's "Songs of Socialism," so satisfyingly sung, did much to make the meetings a success. The comrades bought 50 copies of the "songs" and expect to use them in their local meetings.

Comrades of the Cross

There are many heroic souls in different parts of the country who have "borne the burden and the heat of the day" in their localities, talking Socialism when it was sure to arouse bitter opposition, sowing Socialist literature like good seed often at their own financial and social expense, paying liberally and working hard to make a success of the meetings when Socialist speakers came along, and so proving to be the very backbone of the Socialist movement. They have received but little honor for their brave, noble and needful work; while a few writers, speakers and state or national officials, who, as a rule, have not sacrificed as much for the cause as the local heroes, get the glory for the progress of the movement, in fact the growth and success of the movement is owing chiefly to the loyal, never-ceasing work of local comrades, whose names seldom, if ever, get into the papers. To some extent the Christian Socialist has tried to give



Grant Chapin

honor where it is most due during the last few years by reporting the work of the most effective local comrades we have seen in various parts of the country. We have absolute confidence in the rank and file Socialists; but self-seekers in our party are no more to be honored or trusted than in the capitalistic parties. The rank and file must rule the Socialist party as never before, if it is to achieve genuine, lasting success.

Father Johnson

The most interesting personality among the comrades at Clay Center is Father Johnson, a wide-awake gentleman of 92 summers. He knew western Illinois from East St. Louis to Rockford when Springfield had but a dozen houses; when deer and other wild game could be shot from the settler's doorway, and when Indians were yet dangerous along the Mississippi. He witnessed a part of the Black Hawk war, trafficked with a mule team between Salt Lake City, Denver and St. Louis while Indians and buffalo filled the plains, and, amidst many dangers and hardships, has seen the country develop like magic and the "great American desert" disappear before the conquering advance of the farmers. Not only was he a pioneer in new lands, but also in new ideas. He opposed slavery before Lovejoy was murdered at Alton; he declared for the liberal theology when preachers were proclaiming the monstrous doctrine of eternal damnation for infants, and was greatly ostra-

Jesse R. Johnson

cised therefor; he was among the earliest prohibitionists and populists; he was so alert of mind in his old age that he beat the younger generation into the Socialist movement, and now his one hope is that he may live to see a Socialist president—at least, a Socialist governor of Kansas. And he may; for his health is perfect, his teeth are good, he eats and sleeps like a child, and he is blest with a cheerful spirit and a rare humor from Irish ancestors. He talks a steady stream when with congenial company, and his story is as interesting as a novel, interspersed with frequent gleams of keen wit and piercing satire. He affords one of the very best examples of how to keep young and interesting while growing old. May he live forever with the "spirits made perfect."

Father Johnson has several children and grandchildren living, among them a son and a daughter, with their families, at Clay Center. Jesse R. Johnson is a traveling man, but this does not prevent him from being one of the most loyal, active and influential members of the Socialist party at Clay Center and a favorite with the comrades. He polled more than 1,000 votes for Congress on the Socialist ticket recently.

The Secretary of the Clay Center local is David Crossley, one of the first in the town to become a Socialist. He was formerly associated with Rev. Harvey Dee Brown, Ph. D., as choir leader, while Brown was pastor of the Baptist Church there and struggling out of the tangle of capitalist confusion and inconsistency into the Socialist philosophy. Dr. Brown did much to help Crossley become a Socialist and to stand nobly for it; and after Brown left Clay Center, Crossley became for a time the chief agitator; but others have come to his help now, and the way is not so hard.

Mrs. Myrtle Crossley, wife of David, is a sweet singer, a hard worker, and has been of great help to her husband, to the cause of Socialism, and to the church. A very capable woman and thoroughly respected, she will doubtless be of increasing service to the cause in coming years.

A Good Preacher

Rev. G. Brown, pastor of the Congregationalist Church, deserves much honor. He preaches a thoughtful, scientific, spiritual Gospel and has gradually drawn around him an inspiring congregation of earnest, liberal minded people. He is known to be a Socialist, and some of the Socialists have rallied to his support, yet, owing to his kindly disposition, generous treatment of those who differ from him, and, withal, his able sermons and saintly life, his Socialism does not prevent many old party men from supporting his services with their presence and their money. And at the age of 70 years this grand comrade-preacher faces the future with a glad heart and great faith, confident that for him and for all mankind at last all will be well.

Grant Chapin does not know whether he belongs to Green or to Clay Center, though his home is at Green where he keeps a farm implement and machinery store; for he is active in the Socialist movement at both places and rejoices over every sign of progress. His face fairly beams the promise of the social revolution and a redeemed society, and the comrades say "he is a prince." After seeing him in several meetings at Clay Center and spending a night and a day with him and his family at Green, we can believe the good report. He is an active member of the Methodist Church at Green, where he was converted to Christ and where he afterwards led his pastor into Socialism. He teaches a Bible class and works loyally for Socialism both in season and out of season. He has long been an ardent friend of the Christian Socialist, often helping in our times of need, and it was largely through his efforts that the Clay Center meetings were arranged for.

On Sunday afternoon the Methodist Church at Green was packed to hear Editor Carr lecture on "The Reign of the Working Class Foretold in Scripture." Many extra chairs had to be brought in, a fine interest was manifest, the Clay Center Socialist choir and quartette sang entrancingly, and Comrade Chapin was almost too happy to hold himself—as were also Comrade Davies and others.

After a supper of fresh, young chicken, the speaker was driven ten miles back to Clay Center where he spoke at night, thus finishing a very strenuous day. "They say" he spoke

David Crossley

five hours in the two Sunday meetings, but maybe it only seemed so long.

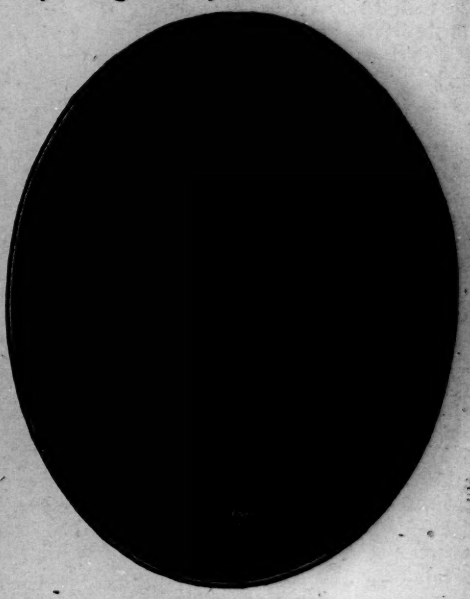
There are other noble comrades at Green and Clay Center whose names are doubtless precious to the God of Moses and Jesus, the God of the proletarian revolution, and we regret that space does not permit us to mention all.

Meeting at Manhattan

On Monday night, Oct. 9, through the efforts of Comrades Willy, W. C. Drake and others, a fine meeting was held at the Congregationalist Church in Manhattan, Kans., under the auspices of the newly organized Socialist branch. It was an inspiring audience; and, judging by the close attention and the splendid collection, it must have been a very interesting meeting. Manhattan is a beautiful city, the comrades are loyal and enthusiastic and the Editor-preacher hopes he may be able to "come back" there again as many so kindly requested.

This is Mr. Carr's second trip out since his expulsion from the party; and as soon as the comrades of Kansas and Nebraska heard he was coming west several applications for lectures were sent him which he much regrets he had not time to fill. He expects, however, to spend as much time in the field this fall and winter as the work on this paper will permit.

It is evident that the comrades in general do not propose to boycott Mr. Carr because of the incredible blunder made by the N. E. C., the "Investigating Committee" and the Cook County Delegate body.



Mrs. Myrtle Crossley

The Short Story

MY FRIEND, THE REVOLUTIONIST

By Myra M. Kern

It was on the street car that I met her, and as a rule I never form a street-car acquaintance. All Fall I went to the city twice a week for music lessons from my aunt's suburban home. It was a golden autumn, the woods about the town and the trees that lined the avenues were rich in russet brown and crimson. The sun shot its rays through the smoky blue, and the indistinct horizon melted away in purple haze.

I am city bred, each morning I wrapped myself in my own dreams taking little notice of those about me. But as if by affinity, one petite girl gradually won my attention. In fancy her slight figure came before me many times a day. I was forced to consider her in a sympathetic way, for like music and autumn splendor and all the things I love, she seemed an essential part of my life. By education and nature I am hopelessly conservative, who could this girl be with a personality so remarkable that she alone of the crowd should so attract me?

I began to particularly notice my little companion. Each morning she, like myself, took the same car. She carried a little square willow basket, it might have had in it either lunch or books. She was very neat, a simple print gown, a trim little slipper and a big chip hat, each article of dress was worn as though it were a part of her. She was slender as a sylph, too pale to be pretty, her regular features were placid in repose and a little sad. A big scarlet bow on her hat, an abundance of rippling light hair coiled loosely on her neck relieved the severe plainness of her dress. Her hands were small and lay quietly in her lap in a way that indicated a poise unusual for one so young. Quiet but not prim, she moved with unconscious grace. Such simple neatness in every detail of dress and modest decorum in behavior marked her as a person of rare good sense and practical discernment.

Once I saw her take a pickaninny in her lap from the arms of a tired mammy who was hanging to a strap in the aisle of the car. She did it sympathetically, with an air that discouraged familiarity or remark. Often I noticed how quickly and quietly she found her way in a crowd, placing herself with no disturbance to others and in so unruffled a manner it might pass for inevitable good luck.

She was in sympathy with her neighbors and in touch with life. She lived in her Thought-world too, it was plain to see that it was real to her. But in her large violet eyes there was often a far away look and a mystic light.

Her personality had impressed me first, she had entered my thought as a kindred spirit, and now for a long time I had quietly and critically studied her. I admit, I was anxious to find something vulgar about her to cure me of an infatuation so contrary to my habit. I now knew she worked in a large factory. I resented this idea too, until I knew it was a fact. Why should a factory girl conduct herself with such unstudied propriety that her beauty of person and personality were the substance of my choicest fancy? With her work companions she was quietly familiar and sympathetic. She did not repulse them or condescend to them. She entered into all they had in common with hearty spirit, she gently ignored anything coarse about her. She evidently considered work honorable. Nature seemed to have endowed her with at least a special aptitude for the grace most Christians strive for. She no doubt was not a paragon theologically considered, but she fit into everyday life with regal humility and was good to be with.

So when one morning I got off the car as she did and handed her a coin she had dropped we quite easily became acquainted, as we chatted together for several blocks. It was all very matter of fact with her, she did not resent me as an intrusion or encourage me to "patronize" her. Simply and naturally we talked of God's good things we had in common. I asked to know her better. I believe yet she conjured me to it, not consciously perhaps, but the spell of her personality was irresistible. I was afraid she would ask me to her home and I had never yet visited the haunts of the poor. But she suggested a quiet park of a Sunday afternoon, or a club house reception room if the weather were bad.

Sunday was a crisp autumn day, clear and stinging. We had the park almost to ourselves. The crimson leaves drifted to our feet. It was only my sense of honor that led me to keep my engagement. She did not know my name, I argued, or my address, though she might easily have learned it had she been so curious as myself. She could have no possible advantage over me, should I be disappointed in her. But I was not disappointed. With simple grace and quiet dignity she rose to meet me. She seemed a part of the season in her russet dress and long cloak, dashed with crimson. She allowed me to lead in conversation, as I had suggested the meeting, and yet she talked quite freely when I drew her out. I was baffled again, in her circumstances she should have been crude and narrow. I talked of the park attractions, the games and the flowers. She knew and enjoyed them all. In a simple girlish way she called my attention to details that had escaped me in the park's arrangement. She spoke simply with a musical intonation, correct in expression, but not obtrusively so. Her taste was refined, no detail escaped her observation. I felt myself at a disadvantage, I had not mentioned her work or her home, to me they were ugly topics. What excuse could I give for having sought her out? She was most companionable, but how could I seek an acquaintance without visiting her home? She took the matter in her own hand. She drew out a quaint little time piece and in a firm, quiet way excused herself. "It is 3:30. I am sorry to leave you. It has been pleasant here sunning ourselves, while the pretty leaves whirl about us, but I attend a meeting at four," and she added with unobtrusive courtesy, "I would like to meet you again." I knew there was some definite source of her gentle strength, and I had feared she was religious. Not that I at all oppose religion, but I know it sometimes tends to fanaticism, especially among poorer people with few interests. While it makes them strong it often also makes them narrow. But there had been nothing about my girl acquaintance so far to confirm any such apprehension. Surely I was under the spell of her influence. "Might I go with you?" I murmured, and I am not usually the person to act without consideration. "Why certainly, it will interest you," said my companion heartily, and on the way to the meeting she never enlightened me as to our destination, but with gentle tact pointed out a hundred little things of interest. Realize my consternation when I saw our destination was "Socialist Headquarters." I pride myself on my self-control. It is a family virtue, but this was too much for me. I coupled anarchy and revolution in my order-loving mind as supreme evils. I knew no distinctions between them. In courtesy I could not turn back. I was indignant. I don't doubt I showed it. But it was the same placid, gentle girlish face I looked into with the dream luster in her eyes. I said nothing, but I held it against her that she had brought me here without warning.

There were twenty-five or thirty people in the hall, plain, neat, intelligent people. My little friend was the Secretary. She kept in constant touch with the proceedings, and kept the minutes deftly, as if the mere writing were a side issue. They discussed Surplus Value. One man claimed inspiration for their position and quoted the Bible and church history. By statistics and straight reasoning they made me feel my dividends an impediment to my character. I had always thought my virtue and education made me superior. I had looked with contempt on others, now I looked with contempt on myself. Society had given me everything, I had given nothing. I had been shielded by moral training and environment, others had been tempted and taught to sin, while I had learned to lisp my formal prayers. They were not boisterous, they were not malicious, these men and women. They were so sure of their position, because of the facts in the case. They called each other comrades.

Since I had gone so far, I went home with

my new acquaintance. In a large, comfortable room I drank tea with her. It was in the "slum," but it was cozy and beautiful, with books and cushions and china. I was glad to learn that Neva, for that was my friend's name, had some resources, enough to insure a simple living and that she held a good position as bookkeeper. But she was alone in the world. "Why do you live here, are you trying a social settlement adventure?" I asked. "Not at all. I belong to these people. My father lived and worked among them. You should have known my father." She handed me his picture. He was a brave, strong, intelligent man. He had taught his daughter and made a companion of her. She held his place as bookkeeper now that he was gone. "I do not know the past," she said sadly, "we came from across the water when I was little. I never knew my mother. She was beautiful and good, my father said, and her death caused him life-long grief."

"Neva," I said, as I saw a large, well-marked Bible on her stand, "what do you think of this?" "I believe it is the word of God, though my father was not quite sure. It has such great wisdom in such simple terms." "You believe there is a God?" and I looked at the large volumes of materialistic philosophy which she had imbibed so understandingly. "It is most reasonable to believe in the absolute," she said simply. "Then I know God is, for I feel His power and love," was her simple, mystic expression.

I, who had never read tracts before, left Neva with a half dozen tracts on this strange new philosophy. There is much to be discussed, but whereas the revolution was always before to me a thing to be afraid of, it is now a thing to be sure of. It is not disorder, but order, not blood, but peace. It is like God in its universal scope, and it holds out a hope like that of the Kingdom of God.

REAL RELIGION

Extracts from a Sermon by Rev. Allan Lang, Ph. D., Hubbard, Ohio

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—Jas. 1, 27.

Pure religion, according to James, is Fraternity and personal purity. The world has got tired of a religion which only applies to the future state. The twentieth century religion is one which reaches man and saves him here and now.

James lived among a very religious people, ceremoniously, but it never reached the heart to make them merciful, or loving, or kind. Jesus called them "whited sepulchres." "Ye devour widows houses and for a pretense make long prayers," said He; "but go ye and learn what that meaneth I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

We live in an age of social revolution, brought about by evolution; for there can be no standing still so long as God is on His throne and the prophesies of the coming Kingdom are yet unfulfilled. There is unrest among all classes, and in all countries. The world has passed through periods of political emancipation, such as the freeing of the chattel slave, but only to be succeeded by an industrial slavery which bids fair to rival the first. It is a war of classes, the rich and poor, the oppressor and the oppressed, the exploiter and the exploited. It is seen in England at the last election, where the landowners represented by the House of Lords are trying to ward off the inevitable: the democratization of the vast landed estates now held by a favored few.

The poor have no legal protection, the courts are owned by the exploiting rich. The sweating system prevails in its most horrid forms: long hours, fourteen to sixteen; poor food and unhealthy workshops; women and children, boys and girls at starvation wages, being ground into dollars.

"Do you hear the children weeping, Oh my brothers,
In the time of tender years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in their nests;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.
But the young, young child, Oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free."

"I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," said Jesus; but how can they have such life while turned into plodding machines, slaves to the wheel of labor, no time to read, no time to worship, little opportunity to make home a pleasant place, and for what? To fill the pockets of the few exploiters, fawned, petted and favored.

That poem of Edwin Markham's, "The Man with the Hoe," is no reflection on the laboring man. It is a poetic representation of a great truth:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair—
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?"

The noblest fight in which men can possibly engage is the battle for industrial emancipation. When King John was forced to sign the Magna Charta, prohibiting unlawful punishments and imprisonments, the world took a mighty stride toward liberty. When slavery was abolished the world took a bound toward the golden age; but the greatest of all is yet to come—industrial emancipation, when men shall cease to get rich by taking what their brothers produce; when competition, as it exists today, shall have become a thing of the past; when the trust shall have been so enlarged so as to include all; when the co-operative commonwealth shall be ushered in—then the "kingdom of heaven" shall have come—Christ's central theme—the principles of which may be summed up in these words: "Do unto others as ye would men should do unto you." The rule of love and fraternity cannot come under the present system, for that kingdom is to usher in a time of universal peace; but how can this be when one grows fat off another, where the rich becomes richer and the poor becomes poorer, and the chasm which divides these two daily becomes wider and deeper?

Socialism, which stands for equality and justice, is unhappy in that it has been misrepresented. I myself thought it must verily be a hideous monster, until I began to study it with unprejudiced mind; then I saw it was not what its enemies had represented it to be. If there is a coward in this world, it is the man who will deliberately misrepresent his enemy to gain his end. It shows that a man is beaten when he has to misrepresent that which he opposes.

Socialism has been represented as opposed to all private property, to government, to religion and the home. It has been represented as anarchy. But Socialism is aiming to do away with anarchy. Have we not anarchy enough under capitalism, inspired by greed for gold? When we see the sugar trust, under the management of men high up in the government service, stooping to the basest practices in evading the law, is that not anarchy? When we behold our representatives corrupted by bribery, is that not anarchy enough? And if the courts are partial to monied interests, is that anarchy? Yea, the very system tends to breed anarchy, and this the Socialist aims to offset, to take away incentive to crime by the destruction of the profit system.

As for private property, no party believes so much in it as do the Socialists. They believe in it so strongly that they would make it possible for every man to have a home well-furnished and time to enjoy it. Do not say man is homeless through lack of thrift; the reason lies deeper. It is because he is despoiled of the product of his labors; it is the nipping off all the buds but one, that all the strength of the bush may go to the making of one "American Beauty" like Rockefeller. But this is not God's plan. He must have loved the common people or he would not have made so many of them; and had he intended only one large rose to grow on a bush, he would have created it so. Socialism stands for justice between man and man; it does not believe in a few owning the world, and the masses nothing. It stands for equality, the giving of every man an equal chance.

Men who believe in dog-fights believe in fair play; the two dogs must be evenly matched; we would not throw a little cur and a bull dog into the ring, and enjoy seeing the bull-dog tear up the cur. There would be no knighthood in that. In the racing of ships we have rules to govern them; but what we would not stand for in sport, we stand for in the human race; we throw rich and poor, strong and weak, into the ring and say they have an equal chance. Instead of mangling flesh, we break hearts and dwarf souls, and while a man may not lose his life if he loses in the battle, he must starve and freeze or accept charity.

Ernest Crosby in his "Labor and Neighbor" draws the picture of a hundred pigeons in a field, all collecting grains of corn into one pile; then instead of owning it in common, according to labor, should they hand it all over to one pigeon, and the ninety-nine have only their living while producing it; if one dared to take a grain from the heap should the others proceed to worry him to death? Yet that is a fair picture of things in the "civilized" world.

The more we look into this evil of capitalism which has fastened itself on the world, the more manifest it is that it is at the bottom of most of our woes; not private property the cause, but the want of it. It is surely the cause of the world's poverty and pauperism. Ten millions of people, according to Robert Hunter, are in poverty in our land. That means insufficent clothing, food and housing. Poverty is progressive; the poor pass into the state of pauperism, a state in which they lose self-respect and all ambition to sustain themselves.

One enemy of Socialism says it is wrong because it aims to make the poor rich. Not so; but it will strive to give all men an equal chance. He says again it is wrong because it seeks to do by environment what only can be done through the heart. Wrong again; we do not claim that environment alone will make a man what he ought to be, but we do claim that a good environment will help more toward making him a man than a bad one will.

The arguments are all on our side. justice, equality, peace, with love as the ruling principle of life. For the coming of this time the prophets longed; for its accomplishment Jesus lived and died, and the poet imagined it when he wrote:

"For the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flag was furled
In the parliament of man—the federation of the world."

I cannot but think that the principles underlying the Socialist platform makes every man a Socialist at heart. All the unbeliever needs to do is to lay aside prejudice and investigate. In Columbus' day huge pillars of Hercules stood at either side of Gilbraltar, on them this: Ne Plus Ultra—"nothing beyond." But Columbus said: "I will see," and the Pinta sailed out on the broad unknown Atlantic. "Sail on" was his watchword, and now we have America.

Unbeliever, will you do that much and say: "I will see." You may discover a new world of truth and bring in a new kingdom—the kingdom of God.

CHARGE ON THE PREACHERS

Every preacher and church worker in America should receive the **Christian Socialist** for at least three months this winter. This would convert thousands and have a tremendous effect on the campaign of 1912.

THE TIME TO DO IT IS NOW.

We have the official lists of all ministers, or can easily get them, and will send three month subs. to preachers at $3.00 for twenty, or $5.00 for forty.

There are over 100,000 preachers and priests in America and THEY WILL BE AN AWFUL POWER FOR CAPITALISM, UNLESS WE CONVERT THEM TO SOCIALISM. After they are converted they will do like Prosser, Ward, Wells, Hamilton and others. Let's get after them.

It would take thousands of dollars to send a three-months' sub. to all. LET US REACH ALL WE CAN. Send your part, whether it be large or small.

NOTICE THE CHANGE

The **Christian Socialist** (the Co-Operative Printing Company) has changed its address to **5443 Drexel avenue, Chicago,** where all letters intended for us should hereafter be sent.

CHICAGO FELLOWSHIP MEETING

Next Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:30 p. m. in room 811, Masonic Temple, the regular monthly meeting of the Chicago Christian Socialist Fellowship will be held. All members and friends are urged to be present. Harvey P. Moyer will deliver the address.

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Rev. Paul H. Castle	Kewanee, Ill.
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Mrs. Ella Carr	Chicago

Read the splendid list of lecturers announced in the Fellowship Column, and then see if you can not arrange meetings for some of them.

California was so ungrateful for Taft's advice against the initiative and recall that she passed the proposed amendment to her constitution while he was on the way to visit her. It made his welcome a little chilly.

A FINE OPENING

Through the generosity of Prof. Edwin Markham of New York and R. G. Earle of Oklahoma, we have been able to send the Hamilton special of the **Christian Socialist** to all the preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in California and Oklahoma. This thrilling account of the conversion of Rev. G. G. Hamilton to Socialism after his able and vigorous opposition to it, with his most interesting and convincing article, ought to go to every Methodist preacher in the U. S. and Canada. Comrade, can you not spare from one to ten dollars for this great work? We have the lists of preachers in all the states, but we have not the money for printing and postage. Send us the money and we will do the rest. This magnificent opportunity to strike the Methodist preachers such a staggering and stimulating blow upon the tenderest part of their thinking anatomy ought not to be missed in any state. Let us make them "see stars," the stars of the great social hope. Send your aid quickly before the forms are torn up.

MORGAN'S TRIAL

The trial of Thomas J. Morgan, one of the oldest, most useful and most honored Socialists of Illinois, still goes on before a jury which he was not permitted to challenge for cause. There have been several sessions of the hearing so far and the end is not yet. The expulsion of the loyal veteran Morgan from the party for exposing the grafters and self-seekers in it would be even a greater crime than the expulsion of Rev. E. E. Carr; because anti-religious prejudice blinded many in the Carr case, whereas nothing but vicious injustice, ingratitude and political insanity could account for the expulsion of Morgan. He has prepared a memorable defense which will justify his conduct in the eyes of honest men; and it will doubtless be printed, especially if he is expelled from the party, and the names of all who vote for his expulsion will be blighted by the lightening of his convincing defense. We await the issue with great interest, wondering if a majority of the members of the Cook County Delegate Committee can be so blinded by the dust thrown by an unscrupulous and foolish clique that would stain the record of Cook County Socialism with the martyrdom of one of its oldest, best and bravest leaders to satisfy their personal spite and selfish aims. Morgan could stand that better than they. **It is the Socialist party of Cook County, not Morgan, that is really on trial;** and he is making a valiant fight for its honor and lasting success. May the comrades recover their balance in time to prevent further injury to our beloved cause.

CALIFORNIA SURRENDERS TO WOMEN

California has decided for woman suffrage, which makes the sixth state of the nation that allows women to vote. In the argument for woman suffrage a man should think of all the possible points in favor of it and then present as the final irrefutable argument the fact that **there is no reason why woman should not vote,** she being a human being—and especially if she be a mother.

The farfetched argument that woman would or would not "vote right" if she had a vote should have no weight whatever. Woman has the same natural right as man to **vote as she pleases,** whether her vote suits other folks or not.

(An accidental **bon mot;** alas, he does not always "vote as she pleases." If he did, the world might be far better. If we are to have one-sex government, the women ought to rule. Some say she does now, but that's mere mushy sentiment, or a merciless satire.)

The **Chicago Tribune** shows a cartoon of the G. O. P. elephant and the Democratic donkey coming reluctantly and fearfully to a harness store for a side-saddle. But the **Tribune** has been out of date ever since the days of Medill. Your modern woman has quit wrenching her back and risking her life riding sidewise—which is one proof that she is better prepared for the ballot than ever. She'll ride the party beasts with divided skirts, or bloomers, like a master, thank you—and let us hope that she will soon discard the jaded donkey and the plethoric elephant for the beautiful, strong, fleet Socialist horse—noblest of travelers and burden bearers—whose followers have always welcomed and supported her claims to the unlimited ballot.

THE McNAMARA TRIAL

The trial of the McNamara brothers on a charge of blowing up the Los Angeles **Times** printing plant and, incidentally killing a score of workmen, is now in the jury-selecting stage. It is estimated that it may take several weeks to empanel a jury. The prosecution will not consent to a single union labor or Socialist juryman, and the defense must stringently guard against any juryman who is prejudiced against the accused men; but the prosecution insists upon having Z. T. Nelson, the first of the panel examined, although he confesses under oath to having had a well grounded opinion concerning the guilt of the accused men for four months "which it would require strong evidence to remove." To insist on a juryman like that is criminal in spirit and if the judge admits such men to the jury it will prove in advance that the trial is to be a mockery.

By the way, isn't it as necessary for a Socialist on trial in the party to have an impartial jury, as for a man before a capitalist court? Suppose Carr had appeared before a jury upon which there were none who had determined and declared in advance that he should be expelled "because a preacher can not be a class-conscious Socialist," or "because he ought not to have published the evidence of the trial whether it was true or false," etc.? If the petty, sectarian policy of "expelling from the party" for any cause (except supporting non-Socialist candidates) is to continue, there must be a formal code of rules established which will give a member at least as fair a show as a man has in a capitalist court. **Trying any man before a jury whose members he may not challenge for cause is a crime.** And every accused man should have a limited number of arbitrary challenges, as is allowed in the capitalist courts. The drumhead court martial is decidedly unsocialistic, to say the least.

The Christian Socialist FELLOWSHIP

GENERAL SECRETARY
Rev. W. A. Ward, 3452 Giles Ave., St. Louis
GENERAL TREASURER
Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 1451 Broadway, New York
GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
of Twenty-five Members

A CALL TO SERVICE

There is great joy known only to those who labor unselfishly in some transcendent cause. He who gives himself for the good of humanity, may be poorer in material riches, not as successful as others in business, but he has risen above the sordid and mean and found the true life. He belongs to the great company of the world's noblest, bravest souls. He who puts business, pleasure or worldly ambition first has no moral worth. The world is indebted to him for nothing. He is indebted to others for everything.

Christian Socialism—there is no greater cause. You can not put your time, strength and money to better use. It is worth working, sacrificing, suffering for. We are working for the realization of the Social Ideal of Jesus—justice, brotherhood, peace, plenty—a world freed from the curse of greed and the blight of poverty. Sighs and songs, prayers and preachments will never establish a righteous system. **God Wants Workers.** The ideal society must be constructed. There must be a practical, constructive message and a movement with a constructive program. Socialism is the movement and the message.

Comrades, get busy. Attempt something this Winter. Read this page and then get up and go to work.

• • •

A GREAT CAMPAIGN

The Christian Socialist Fellowship expects to reach at least 500,000 people through its speakers this year. The General Secretary is now preparing for a general campaign in which at least one hundred lecturers will participate.

The Fellowship is fortunate in including among its members many men and women qualified by education and experience as public speakers to do effective propaganda work. We now have a large Lecture Staff of picked men and women and in many cities we have groups of earnest workers who are determined to push the work forward.

We want ONE HUNDRED men and women who are Christian Socialists and able speakers to agree each to deliver ten or more lectures on Socialism during this Autumn and Winter. Many letters have been sent out and when the returns are in we expect to be able to make a report that will show great things before us.

More Speakers Wanted

There are doubtless others who will be glad to assist in this educational campaign whose names are not on the list. **All such are requested to notify the General Secretary,** stating the number of lectures they will undertake to deliver.

The Speakers must be Socialists. They may be ministers or laymen, men or women. Women who are good speakers are urged to help.

Comrades who know ministers or others who are Socialists, who might assist us are requested to send their names and addresses to the General Secretary.

Each speaker will be expected to make his own arrangements with Socialist locals, churches, brotherhoods, ministerials, etc. Sermons delivered by ministers in their own pulpits will be included.

The speaker may discuss any phase of the subject, **but he should deliver a real message, teaching Socialism plainly.**

All who will participate in this work will please fill out the blank below and send to the General Office at once. We want to be able to report the number.

....., 1911.

Wm. A. Ward, Gen. Sec.,
3452 Giles Ave, St. Louis.

I will endeavor to make arrangements to de-

liver ..... lectures on Socialism during this Autumn and Winter.
(Signed) .....
Address .....

* * *

THREE PLANS

Fellowship Centers have been requested to adopt one or more of the following plans as a feature of their winter work. Where there is no Center, a few persons who are interested can carry out these plans, if they will devote a little time and strength to the work. If interested, write to the General Secretary.

* * *

LECTURE COURSE

Several lectures, given by different speakers at different times during the winter—one or two each month. Meetings may be held in different places or all in the same place. The latter is the better plan. If preferred, one lecturer may be engaged to deliver the entire course.

Each lecture should be thoroughly advertised at the time. Advertisement at beginning of course is not sufficient in larger cities.

* * *

EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Engage a Fellowship Lecturer for one week, or, if possible, for two. Arrange for lectures in as many different sections of the city and environs as possible. The idea is to reach different communities, or congregations, if the meetings are held in churches, and a larger number of people by taking the message into their own churches and communities. This plan is not adapted to small towns.

Each lecture should be specially and thoroughly advertised in the section surrounding the place of meeting.

* * *

SOCIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Arrange for three to six consecutive evenings in some hall or church. One or more speakers should give a connected series of lectures, introducing variety and treating different phases of the subject. The idea is a school, a wide range of thought and an opportunity for full discussion.

Parties who desire to adopt one of these plans are invited to write to the General Secretary.

* * *

FELLOWSHIP LECTURE STAFF

The Fellowship now has a large lecture staff of experienced and able speakers. These are widely distributed over the country, so that there is a lecturer in nearly every section within reach of parties applying for lectures.

They are all able speakers. The General Office will not recommend any who are not able. They are thorough Socialists and know how to present the subject in a manner to convince Christian people as well as those who do not claim to be Christians. They do not deliver a vague message, handling the subject with extreme care and stating mere generalities and beautiful sentiments which strike nothing and teach nothing constructive, but give a live, Socialist message.

Parties desiring the services of these speakers should write to them directly or to the General Secretary.

The following is a partial list of our lecturers. Others will be added soon.

New York

Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 80 Bible House, New York City.
Rev. Eliot White, 550 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Rev. Edward M. Duff, 37 Bolton Pl., Buffalo.
Rev. Charles W. Hakes, 1219 Seneca St., Buffalo.
Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtis, Utica.

Massachusetts

Rev. George Willis Cooke, 49 Park Ave., Wakefield.
Rev. E. J. Helms, 59 Patten St., Boston.
Rev. F. K. Gifford, 11 Emerson St., Melrose.

New Jersey

George H. Strobell, 5 Lincoln Park, Newark.

Florida

Rev. R. Lee Kirkland, 2203 Florida Ave., Tampa.
George McAannely Miller, Ruskin.

Pennsylvania

Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, 4648 Second Ave., Hazelwood, Pittsburgh.
D. S. Connor, 2116 Braddock Ave., Pittsburgh.
Rev. E. M. Frank, 636 N. 7th, Philadelphia.
Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, 714 W. 9th, Erie.
Rev. Singleton Neisser, Williamsport.
Rev. Paul G. Miller, Turtle Creek.

District of Columbia

Rev. C. F. Nesbit, 1801 Phelps Pl., N. W., Washington.
Rev. Edwin Evans, 2411 First, N. W., Washington.

Maryland

Rev. James L. Smiley, 130 Prince George St., Annapolis.
Rev. A. R. Hussey, Baltimore.
Rev. Charles P. Perkins, Baltimore.

Georgia

Rev. R. C. Cleckler, Jackson.

Alabama

J. P. Marchant, Phoenix.
Rev. E. W. Butler, Thorsby.

Michigan

Rev. B. A. Hills, Mt. Pleasant.

Ohio

Solon T. Klotz, 921 The Nicholas, Toledo.

Illinois

Rev. E. E. Carr, 5443 Drexel Ave., Chicago.
Mrs. Ella Carr, 5443 Drexel Ave., Chicago.
Harvey P. Moyer, 5408 Drexel Ave., Chicago.
Rev. A. B. Francisco, 12142 Parnell Ave., Chicago.
Rev. Paul H. Castle, 614 So. East St., Carbondale, Ill.
Rev. W. H. Tomlins, Carrollton.
Rev. Thomas J. Thompson, Palmyra.

Wisconsin

Carl D. Thompson, City Clerk, Milwaukee.

Iowa

Horace Mann, Irvington.

Kansas

Prof. G. A. Peterson, Lindsborg.
Rev. W. F. McLain, Manhattan.

Missouri

Rev. Wm. A. Ward, 3452 Giles Ave., St. Louis.
Rev. P. H. Roberts, 828 Clark Ave., St. Louis.
Rev. John R. McMullen, 3618 Oxford Ave., St. Louis.
George White, 4205 Lucky, St. Louis.
Myra M. Kern, Maryville.
Rev. Frank Waller Allen, Paris.
Rev. E. H. H. Gates, Pattonsburg.

Arkansas

Rev. Joe A. Deatherage, Vin.

Oklahoma

Rev. T. W. Woodrow, Hobart.
E. B. Barnes, Shawnee.
Rev. H. T. Bryant, Cestos.

Texas

Rev. G. G. Hamilton, Mineola, Texas.
Rev. Reddin Andrews, Tyler.
Rev. M. A. Smith, Commerce.
Rev. C. H. Rogers, Houston.
A. J. Adams, Midland.

Idaho

H. A. Barton, 512 Foster St., Coeur d'Alene.

Wyoming

Rev. Oscar Bostrom, Saratoga.

Colorado

David J. Morris, Boulder.
Rev. H. W. Pinkham, 25th and Clay, Denver.

Utah

Rev. Ward Winter Reese, Salt Lake City.
Murrey E. King, Avalon Apts., Salt Lake City.

Washington

Rev. O. H. McGill, 810 Southern Ave., Seattle.

Oregon

Rev. John Morris Higgins, Princeville.
Rev. Albert Ehrgott, 1437 East 37th, N., Portland.

California

Rev. T. W. Williams, 1307 W. 45th, Los Angeles.
Rev. J. W. Wells, 220 Karney, San Francisco.
Rev. Robert Whitaker, Los Gatos.
Rev. J. S. Tout, El Centro.
Rev. J. S. Cato, Elmhurst.
J. Stitt Wilson, Berkeley.

Colored

Rev. George W. Slater, Jr., Aurora, Neb.
Rev. Stephen H. Garrison, Montpelier, Ind.

Canada

Rev. A. O. Alexander, Millet, Alberta.
Rev. C. H. Sheppard, Millet, Alberta.
Rev. W. E. S. James, Caistorville, Ontario.
Rev. A. M. McNintch, Clark's Harbor, Nova Scotia.
Rev. Allen Leslie Howard, Napanee, Ontario.

* * *

THE GENERAL SECRETARY IN OKLAHOMA

At Wilburton, a mining town, the comrades secured an airdome and fully five hundred people greeted the speaker. At least four hundred of these were not Socialists. It was a great meeting and marked the greatest success ever achieved by the Wilburton Socialists.

We can not have big meetings all the time. The break in the long series of successful meetings occurred at McAlester. The comrades did their best, but the people did not respond. A very small audience assembled in the Christian Church. The meeting was not in vain, however, because a few of those present admitted that they were converted. Some time, I hope to return to McAlester and we shall go after them in a way to get them next time.

Dr. Adams, a tireless and very successful agitator, has been waiting a year to get me at Lamar. His patience and good work met their reward, for a large audience gathered and great interest was aroused. Dr. Adams began the fight single handed in Lamar. They now have a fine movement. One live Socialist with plenty of literature and argument can start a whole community to thinking.

At Muskogee the comrades engaged the Lyric Theater and charged an admission of twenty-five cents. A fine audience gave perfect attention for an hour and a half and the meeting closed with enthusiasm. The meeting will give the cause quite a boost in Muskogee, one of the largest cities in Oklahoma and one of the finest in the entire Southwest.

At Checotah Comrade Cooper, a merchant and strong Socialist, arranged for a debate with Mr. Searcy, a Christian preacher and a representative in the state legislature. There can be no question, after hearing his speeches, as to what interests he represents.

A large audience listened to a three hours' discussion of the following proposition: "Resolved, that Socialism is a just, economic system and in harmony with the ethics of Christianity."

I tried to make it a real discussion, intellectual, fair and free from abuse; but Mr. Searcy does not know how to participate in such a discussion. He soon descended to the usual insulting language, abuse, appeals to passion and prejudice and trick questions and arguments. At times when he was working on the feelings and prejudice of his hearers, his face was distorted and as he shouted and raved he looked more like a madman than anything else.

The character of the supporters of such a man was revealed after the debate when I was discussing a few points with some of them and two individuals, both ignorant, threatened to use their fists. Such haters of every cause that is too great and good for them to sympathize with or even understand are utterly disgusting. We do not want them in the Socialist movement. I do not want them to become Socialists. Abuse, epithets, tricks, fists and eggs are the arguments of fools and ruffians.

At Cleveland the meeting was held in a church. Threatening weather kept many away. But a good number attended and the meeting produced a marked effect. One man drove fifty-two miles to attend this meeting. This often happens. I have known men to walk many miles to my meetings. Not long ago a night meeting was decided upon at the close of an afternoon meeting. Quite a number had driven in from the country and could not keep their teams and families in town so late. Yet their interest was so great that they sent the teams home and remained tc the night meeting, walking from seven to twelve miles to their homes after the lecture. A movement which can arouse whole communities and for which its adherents will make any sacrifice and endure any hardship can not be defeated.

All conditions were against the meeting at Collinsville, yet a good audience came to the church and a very successful little meeting was held. Comrades Hall, Butts and Parker, all Party members and members of the Fellowship, will keep the cause growing in Collinsville.

Two fine meetings were held in Caney, Kansas, arranged by Comrade Dr. Blewitt. Both meetings were held in churches and many church members attended. The Methodist Church was crowded with a splendid audience at the night meeting and many Christians heard Socialism, revolutionary Socialism, backed up with Bible for the first time.

The last meeting of the long tour was held in Minden Mines, Mo. The Socialists are strong there and have captured the town offices. The lecture was delivered before a splendid audience in the opera house. We always have fine meetings in Minden. There is a company of Socialists there hard to beat.

It was a long, hard tour, but one worth while. It was almost an unbroken series of great meetings. The movement is growing fast, as fast as it is safe for it to grow. The speaker finds the conditions growing daily more favorable. The prospect for the next general election is a bright one. The best advice now is, work on, but be more thorough in educating those who join the movement. It should not be loaded down with Socialists who do not understand Socialism, if such can be called Socialists at all. Teach, teach: that is the thing.

—Wm. A. Ward.

* * *

Notice to Comrades in Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri

Comrade E. H. H. Gates is ready to make dates in these three states for this Fall and Winter. He is District Secretary for the Fellowship and is also a Party member. He has proven his ability in this work and will give satisfaction to those who employ him. Applications for lectures should be sent to him at Pattonsburg, Mo. Comrade Gates is loyal to the Party and has worked with locals a great deal.

* * *

RATHBUN AT DEXTER

Comrade G. M. Rathbun of Sedan, Kans., spoke at Dexter, Kans., the last Saturday and Sunday of September. On Saturday night, in a hall, from the Socialist party standpoint, and on Sunday, at 11 a. m., in the Methodist Church, from the Bible standpoint. Dexter is a fine little city, the home of the Dexter Despatch, formerly mentioned in these columns.

Join the Christian Socialist Fellowship and help win the nation to Socialism.

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSON FOR OCT. 29, 1911.

A Psalm of Deliverance—Psalm 85

Golden Text (Ps. 126:3).—The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.

Our lesson deals with expressions of intense personal and national feelings, with songs of penitence, praise, deliverance, adoration. We are in the presence of experiences of no common-place, clap-trap order. They are of profound psychological and social significance and we will do well to study them along these lines.

Psychic Feelings

It is a fundamental law of nature that all forces seek to express themselves in some tangible form. This is as true of Sociogenetic forces as of all others. Exceptional psychic feelings always endeavor, and usually succeed, in objectifying themselves in material forms that become classics and institutions. Thus you have your holy days and holidays; the different classes of literature, paintings, music, architecture and social systems. The esthetic, moral and social artists—idealists—express their dreams in emotional and scientific forms. National and personal feelings of discontent and sorrow, of contentment and joy, of oppression and deliverance find expression in plaintive, rebellious and joyous songs. Hence your songs of Moses and Deborah; the Gloria, Magnificat and Benedictus, La Marseillaise, America, Star Spangled Banner, and the Battle Hymn of the Republic; Christmas, Thanksgiving Day, Decoration Day and the Fourth of July. There are many more such things. They are all expressions of exceptional psychic experiences through which men and nations pass.

In accordance with this general law the Jews expressed themselves on the occasion of their return to the Homeland from the Babylonish Captivity. Their intense feelings found expression in many songs, exhortations and acts of rare beauty and power; and every one of them should be carefully scrutinized, not simply as literature, but to discover the **Soul of Man.** These people sang and wept, prayed and worshipped, hugged and kissed, organized and worked, because they had to. Their feelings, all such feelings must, simply must find satisfaction in expression.

Some of the more important songs and acts of the period covering the return and settlement of the Jews are these: Psalms 85, 121, 122, 124, 126, 130, 137, Ezra 3:10-13, Zeph 3:14-20, Isaiah 40:1-31. These passages should be studied through the aid of the imagination with the question always in mind, how would I feel on the morning of my return home after a long enforced absence?

Basing our judgment on past history and on the constitution of the mind we predict that this old world is destined to have another celebration, another burst of inspired literature and another new holiday. Just what form the jubilation will take is hard to say, but that it will come and express itself in some appropriate and permanent way is beyond question. It would be the strangest of phenomena if, when the "workers of the world" are liberated from their wage-slavery and oppression; when they and their families pick up their little packs and move back into their God-given world and rule society in the interest of all toilers; when they shall possess religious, intellectual, social, political and industrial freedom; when they shall say "good-bye" to poverty, ignorance and disease to all of which they are now subjected beyond all necessity or justice, they do not signalize the period with the greatest celebration the stars ever looked down upon, express it in some marvellous "Psalm of Deliverance" and memorialize it in some permanent institution. The greatest day in history is not in the past but yet to come. And when it does come, as it certainly will, somebody will be touched by the pathos and power of the occasion and write a Psalm of Deliverance that will surpass in scope and beauty anything that has ever been written by the pen of man. Unless nature shall fail of its purpose and Jesus Christ has lived in vain our best holidays, literature and celebrations are yet to come. The Kingdom of God, the Co-operative Commonwealth, the Full and Universal Emancipation of Humanity is coming, and when it does come, its celebration will as far outshine the celebrations of partial and racial victories as the sun outshines the moon.

Relation of Material to Spiritual

A very pertinent question to ask of the Jew or of us is: Why do peoples rejoice at being set free? Was the basic cause of the Jewish rejoicing the fact they were returning to their fields, vineyards, olive-groves, place of birth, left-behind relatives or the hope they were returning to full national freedom? In our case, will we rejoice simply because we are returning to economic, independent political control or to full freedom on every plane of life to work out our own destiny? In both cases the fundamental reason for rejoicing is **Freedom and Justice.** The more complete these are and the more fully they are grasped the more intense the feeling and more thorough-going the celebration. The blessings of national ownership and control are fought for and acquired only because they make possible the higher life—the love for and the opportunity to possess and enjoy the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

True, man is an animal with animal needs. His basic wants are food, clothing, shelter and rest. As an animal, and to be a good animal these things he must have in proper quality and quantity. These being his first constant and imperative demands he will **work and fight** to secure them. He must or die. Hence, man's first struggle was with nature to wrest from her the things she had and he needed. When nature, the natural wealth of the world passed over into the private possession and control of a few men, through a legal social system of wages and profit, man's second struggle was with man to wrest from him the things he has and which all men need. We are in that struggle now and will remain in it until the world shall be returned to collective ownership and control and the economic problem—the Bread and Butter Question—be forever settled on the basis of equal opportunity and privilege.

But man is more than a mere animal or even a social animal. Man is a human being with qualities and wants unknown to the animal. Man is mind, with esthetic, moral and ethical feelings and demands the animal cannot know. As such "man cannot live by bread alone." He does live by bread but not by bread alone, but by bread and **justice**; and justice forms, by far, the greatest, loudest and most persistent demand of his being. Hence man never has and never can be satisfied with less than absolute justice. Man began with a stomach but ends with mind; began by demanding bread but ends by demanding the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

It is this that has led man ever onward and upward toward the goal. He is never appeased, only for a short period, with relative or absolute betterment. He demands the **best,** full and complete mastery of his destiny. Socially, economically, politically, educationally, religiously, in every sense, man demands to be the equal of his fellows. Patronizing paternalism, philanthropic concessions, charities, even higher wages, shorter hours, steady work, profit-sharing schemes are poor palliatives for absolute justice. Man is **not satisfied** with them. He cannot content himself with them. Justice, absolute and full rights and privileges with every other is the highest and last demand of man and economic independence and political liberty are but means to this end. Given his full and equal rights man will toil, suffer and bear, if need be, without complaint but denied them, he will rebel in spite of whatever else he may have. These are the good, the better and the best, but the greatest of these is the best; and when man comes into it he will rejoice with exceeding joy.

Conclusion

We see then how fundamental are economic independence and political liberty and how closely related they are to the highest development and achievements of man. Man's belly must be fed and his body clothed and sheltered ere he can develop heart and head. The foundation must be laid before the superstructure can be erected. Man can not be an animal and an artist at the same moment. When a human being is absorbed in the pursuits of bread, deprived of liberty and kept in ignorance and poverty it is impossible for him to be engaged in the work of the formation and execution of ideals. Hence, he must have complete liberty, be brought back to his native rights and privilege ere he can be his best and express it in the noblest arts of literature, songs, paintings, architecture and government.

There was the profoundest reason why Cyrus should let the enslaved peoples go home. There is the same reason why society, our ruling plutocrats, should let the modern slaves get back to the land and the means of production and distribution. The same reason exists to force from them the right and privilege, if they are unwilling to grant it. It is **Our World** by right of birth, relation and need; and we desperately need it to be and do our best. The Socialist movement of America, and of the world, is in existence to liberate the people, to bring them and their world together, and it is the duty and privilege of every lover of God and man, of justice and progress to join it and hasten the conquest.

BREAD, BREAD,—WE WANT BREAD

(Marching Song)

M. J. C.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
Bread enough we've made for all;
Bread enough there is for all—
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
We, the workers, ask for bread,—
Bread, you shirkers, not for lead—
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
Hear our children's hungry cry!
See, our wives with hunger die—
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
Worth in rags starves on the streets;
Vice in silks at banquets feasts—
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
Starved to death our babies are,
Stuffed to death your poodles are—
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
Think you we will meekly go
To our deaths without a blow?
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
Better dare, and fighting, fall
Than to wait starvation's call—
Bread, bread,—we want bread.

Bread, bread,—give us bread.
You starve us, and you'll starve too.
Masters, it is up to you—
Bread, bread,—we'll HAVE bread!

You can arrange an eight-day meeting in your community, like the ones lately held at Clay Center, with any one of a hundred good men in charge, if you only have the courage. Do it.